Hannigram Episode Fix-Its

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/44012742.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Episode: s02e10 Naka-Choko, Hannigram - Freeform, thread, Episode AU: s02e13 Mizumono, Episode AU: s02e10 Naka-Choko, Alternate Universe, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Angst with a Happy Ending, Angst and Feels, Smut, Fix-It, Episode Fix-it, really wanted to write these so bad, Top Hannibal Lecter, these two dumbos deserve a happy ending, so im writing one for them, episode AU, will add more tags if needed
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-02 Words: 2,208 Chapters: 2/?

Hannigram Episode Fix-Its

by Metaphysicalash

Summary

A collection of fix-it threads/fics and fanarts by me. I wanted to rewrite certain episodes with Hannibal and Will. All those threads/fics are included in here. Hope you enjoy them.

Episode AUs:
Part 1: Mizumono
Part 2: Naka-Choko

Notes

All digital art are done by me, via my twitter - winter_queen8

I'm on IG as well - monochrome__queen

I badly wanted to do some episode fix-its. Hopefully I'll do more of these <3

Part 1: Mizumono

Winter_Rose8|twitter
Winter_Rose8|twitter
Ash

Winter_Rose8|twitter
Winter_Rose8|twitter
Ash

~~~~~~~

"You were supposed to leave," Will spoke in a near whisper, slowly turning around to face the man.

His friend, his lover, his salvation and his destruction.

His lips parted in surprise to see the blood trailing from Hannibal's nose, staining his mouth and his shirt. A kind of pain glimmered in Hannibal's eyes.

"I couldn't leave without you," Hannibal said.

He stood so close that Will lost sight of his surroundings. The kitchen, the house, all faded to black and the only thing in focus was Hannibal, like Will's mind deliberately tuned out everything else. He even forgot about the gun in his hand. Perhaps he wanted to prepare for the worst, but he didn't really know why he needed the gun in the first place.

Hannibal exhaled slowly and placed a hand at the side of Will's face, caressing it tenderly and staring at his beloved as if he were the universe. Because he was. Will closed his eyes and melted into his touch, nuzzling his cheek in his palm. Hannibal's hand felt warm and comforting on his cold, wet skin. A salve to his heart.

Will realized how touch-starved he was then, how he'd been waiting far too long for this. He regretted holding himself back from reaching out for Hannibal's affection.

His hands loosened, his fingers slipping from the gun, letting it drop to the floor. Will involuntarily moved closer to Hannibal and leaned towards him. There was a clatter as something else dropped to the floor. Will opened his eyes momentarily to see a linoleum knife lying on the ground next to Hannibal before his gaze flitted to meet Hannibal's teary ones. A solitary tear rolled down Hannibal's cheek.

"Was that meant for me?" Will whispered.

"Not anymore," Hannibal murmured.

"I tried to warn you. I wanted you to escape. And I…" Will reached up to touch Hannibal's cheek. "I wanted to run away with you."

Hannibal traced Will's damp lips with his thumb. "Do you still wish that?"

Will nodded, unable to hold his own tears back.

Hannibal let out a shuddering breath before his lips met Will's with a blazing fervor, an emotional tenderness. Will tasted the metallic blood mixed with the salt of Hannibal's tears, and it pierced his heart like a spear. He grabbed Hannibal's shirt and pulled him close, tilting his head to deepen the kiss. Their desperate lips burned into each other, their hearts forging into one. Will didn't want this to stop because God, it should've happened a long time ago.
~~~~~~~

Will bound his arms around Hannibal's body and pressed him close, wanting to feel his warmth in every part of his body. The kiss overwhelmed him, consumed him, shattered him to pieces and put him back together.

Even when the kiss broke, their lips remained brushing against each other, breaths gusting over each other's faces. Frenetic hearts pounding in sync.

"My dear Will," Hannibal whispered. "This is all I wanted."

Will pressed another desperate kiss to Hannibal's blood-stained mouth, and then another. "I want you."

He stole a quick glance at the pantry, because a part of him was worried about Jack. "Is Jack in there?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill him?"

"No. I assume you called for an ambulance."

"I did…" Will kept looking at the pantry, unwilling to leave his friend in there.

"Will, they'll survive. It's now or never." Hannibal held Will's face with both hands now. "Come with me."

He was right about that. It was now or never. Will knew there was no turning back from this, and he knew he didn't want to turn back either.

He held his wrist. "Alright."

Part 2: Naka-Choko

Chapter Notes

> All digital art done by me via my twitter - winter_queen8

See the end of the chapter for more notes

winter_queen8 | twitter winter_queen8 | twitter winter_quee
Ash

winter_queen8 | twitter winter_queen8 | twitter winter_queen8 | twi
Ash

~~~~~~

"I suppose this makes us even," Will said. "I sent someone to kill you. You sent someone to kill me. Even Steven."

Hannibal merely nodded and half-smiled. He was still incredulous about how he managed to convince Will to stay at his home after having delicately dressed the bruises on his knuckles. Will had made a spectacle out of Randall Tier. Hannibal thought Will would never want to come to his house, but here he was, warm and soft and beguiling.
~~~~~~

And so close. It felt like a dream.

Will sat in front of Hannibal near the edge of the bed, between his legs, with his back facing him. And behind him, Hannibal couldn't keep himself from touching him, feeling the fabric of his blue shirt, the creases of the bunched sleeve around his elbow, and then the warm smoothness of Will's forearm. His other hand was under the sheets, running along Will's naked thighs to palm the straining erection in his boxers. Gently rubbing the hard-on. He nuzzled his nose in Will's curls, listening to the soft exhale of his breath, and breathing him in deeply. His scent, his presence. The smell of him was finer than any perfume.

"What am I doing here?" Will whispered, eyes closed. His cock twitched under Hannibal's fingers.

"You and I went too long in our friendship without touching," Hannibal replied, feeling the wetness on Will's boxers. "And yet, I've always been attuned to you."

"Is that why you constantly endeavor to find new ways of getting rid of me?"

"I don't want to get rid of you. We both played our part in what happened. Holding on to the past doesn't serve any purpose. We can't change it."

"But my perception has changed."

Hannibal sensed the bitterness in Will's dulcet voice. He knew the depth of the damage he had caused him. He gently took Will's bandaged hand and drew it to his lips, pressing a soft kiss to the gauze.

His lips brushed against Will's ear as he murmured, "We can choose not to think about what happened."

"My scars are constant reminders. I have too many."

"I wish I could take them away."

"You would only give me more scars, Hannibal."

"Can't we pretend that everything is perfect, even if only for a moment? At least in our minds."

"Nothing's perfect."

"You are."

Will sniggered at how amusing that sounded. He was a gigantic mess of a person if anything, so it was hard to believe anything different.

Hannibal reached forward and unbuttoned Will's shirt, slowly, parting the halves wide open. Will drew in a breath but didn't protest. Hannibal pressed a hand to his chest, feeling the mad thumping of his heart.

"You feel something in here," Hannibal whispered. "Emotions you keep trying to suppress."

"Looks like you're feeling them more than I do," Will breathed, arching his chest to Hannibal's touch.

Hannibal gently turned Will's face to him. "I only feel you. And you're all I need to feel."

His lips enveloped Will's in a slow, but ardent kiss. To kiss Will's lips for the first time, in God knows how long, gave Hannibal a high like no other. It was a rush of adrenaline, a heat blooming like a flower at his core and spreading throughout his body. Hannibal breathed in Will's breaths like they were the air that filled his lungs, like they were all he needed to live.

Will involuntarily kissed back. His body moved without his consent and there was nothing much he could do.

Hannibal peeled Will's shirt off his shoulders, kissing a wet path along his shoulder to his neck. He pinched his nipple, eliciting a sigh from Will. This still felt so surreal. Hannibal couldn't believe he was touching him. It was like finding a long lost treasure.

Will turned to look at Hannibal, his vivid blue eyes a dark slate-blue now.

"I don't understand what I am to you," he said.

"Everything," Hannibal replied almost immediately, like he already knew the answers to all of Will's questions.

And all of those answers were *him* .

The next moment, Will was on the bed with Hannibal on top of him. Their clothes lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. The room was silent except for the sounds of shared breaths, the soft smack of lips, and the light crackling of the fireplace.

Will's lips were the sweetest things Hannibal ever tasted. He nipped them, sucked them, tugged on them with his lips. Will groaned softly, running his hands along the firm, flexing muscles of Hannibal's back.

Hannibal dragged his mouth along the column of Will's neck, gripping his shoulder as he kissed it. He kissed his chin next before moving down to his chest, his heart. He stopped there for a second to feel the pounding within Will's chest once more.

"See how much you yearn for me," he said.

"Doesn't prove anything," Will replied, though that sounded like a lie.

"It proves a lot of things."

Before Will could speak, Hannibal took his nipple into his mouth, biting the hardened point.

"Ah!" Will moaned.

Hannibal flicked his tongue over the nub to soothe the sting before continuing to kiss his way down Will's body. He licked Will's stomach, dipping his tongue in his navel, passing a glance at him in between. Hannibal reveled in the sheer pleasure on Will's face—the parted lips, the shallow breaths, the glimmering eyes focusing on him. He caught a glimpse of Will's chest arching when he took his cock into his mouth, slowly lowering onto it.

"Oh, fuck." Will shuddered, clenching Hannibal's hair.

Hannibal's head bobbed, his fingers digging into Will's hips, sliding his other hand between his spread thighs. Will's back arched, and his mouth parted open. His mind was scrambled and his breaths were erratic, and something, *something* stirred within him. Something hot. It burned him, engulfed him, crescendoing as Hannibal's fingers inside him rubbed that one tender spot, making him moan out loud. His trembling hand tugged Hannibal's hair harshly but Hannibal didn't mind.

"God, Hannibal." Will sat up and held Hannibal's head. "Come here."

He pulled him up to face level, and into a kiss. At this point, he couldn't care less about how they ended up here, or what had happened before this because all of that seemed irrelevant right now. Right now, Will craved Hannibal.

Hannibal seemed to have read his mind when he broke the kiss, biting his lip as he eased himself inside Will's warm, tight hole. Will gasped at the intrusion, unable to take his eyes off Hannibal's face as the other entered deeper and deeper into him. Filling him too full. He clenched around Hannibal's thick cock, trying to meet his thrusts.

It felt divine.

Hannibal brushed Will's dark curls back, watching the expressions of pleasure on his lover's face. He picked up pace because God, he'd been waiting for this for too damn long, he couldn't take it slow. He grunted as he moved back and forth through the bundle of nerves.

Will's body curved into Hannibal's, his nipples brushing against his coarse chest hair. The friction sent a spark of electricity through Hannibal's body, driving his increasingly hard thrusts.

"Hannibal," Will whimpered.

It was one word but it drove Hannibal right out of his mind. He kissed Will, *kissed the hell out of him* , trying to make up for all the times they never touched. All the times Hannibal's fingers tingled whenever Will was close but he had to stop himself.

"Will," he breathed.

Sweat misted their bodies. Hannibal watched Will lose it with the utmost pleasure, watched his eyes roll back and his neck crane up as he spilled hot and thick between their stomachs.

A low growl escaped Hannibal's throat as he plunged deep inside Will, coating his insides with his release.

Breathing heavily, Hannibal kissed the veins in Will's neck before facing him. Will stared at him, sweaty and beautiful and blissed out. His damp curls stuck to his forehead. Hannibal kissed his cheek, then his reddened lips. He ran his fingers along Will's cheek, and traced his thumb along his lips and the stubble on his chin.

Hannibal could stare at this miracle of a man all night, every night, forever. A yearning blossomed in his heart. The undeniable desire to have Will by his side forever, to want to fall asleep and wake up next to him. He didn't want this to be a one-time thing. He wanted to feel this serenity everyday.

But he knew the situation they were in. To patch things up would take time and Hannibal was willing to do anything for that. Right now, he didn't want to let Will go so soon. He wanted him to be there when he awoke in the morning.

Moving off him, Hannibal took him into his arms, hugging him firmly, nuzzling his nose in his curls.

"Stay," he whispered. "Stay with me, Will."

He expected rejection, or some kind of blunt comment from Will. He didn't know how to deal with the rejection if it happened.

But instead, he felt Will's arms wrap around him. He heaved a sigh of relief.

Will brought him down on the bed and leaned over him, staring at the older man and the silvery strands of hair falling down his forehead. He reached a hand to touch Hannibal's face with a rare kind of adoration in his eyes, like he couldn't help but admit that he found Hannibal beautiful too.

He spoke softly, "Where else will I go?"

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed these <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!